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How She Kissed Me the First Time.

She stood by low me, where the vines
Half hid the face so wondrous fair;
The glances gleamed from her eyes
Of glory on her golden hair!

Her sweet brown eyes looked up to mine,
With all a child's simplicity;
Yet in their depths I felt had read
More than a passing thought for me!

The tiny hands in soft white arms
Closely the frets work entwined;
The rosy line held ricker fast
Than amber clusters from the vine!

I stooped and whispered soft and low,
So sweet seemed the words to me,
"Kiss me!" I shook with sudden fear,
And then I waited trustfully!

Quick, like the glow of early morn,
The blue-bell spread over cheek and brow;
She bends that fair and graceful head—
Those brown eyes are dewy now!

And then she smiled to mine the lips
That should be mine forever more;
And all the earth, and air, and sky
Was glorious as we're before!

Through all my life, in good or ill,
Till hushed in silence of the grave,
My life with glad delight will feel
That first warm kiss my darling gave!

New York, May 19, 1869.

An Oxford Story.

"Now my dear Frank," said my father, replenishing his glass the while with some very particular port the old Butler had brought out that evening in my honor, "as you start for Oxford early to-morrow, I may as well say now what little I wish to say to you respecting the important step you are about taking in entering university life."

I took some filberts and listened attentively.

"The social advantages of the university," continued my father, "are, I hold, of very great importance; but I do not wish you to sacrifice its educational advantages to—to—its—its—ahem!"

"Oh, no! certainly not," I interposed (somehow vaguely, perhaps).

"So I shall expect you to take your degree in the usual course; if as a mere pass man, well and good; if with honors all the better. Although you will not have to earn your bread (in the accepted use of the term,) you will find such advantages of use."

I assented to all this, inwardly deriving no small consolation from the fact that I should not be obliged to encounter any examination at once, as my matriculation had already been triumphantly accomplished.

"I shall allow you five hundred pounds a year and the expenses of a horse," added my father; "and I shall give orders for you to be supplied with sound and wholesome port. On this I shall expect you to live without incurring any debts. If you do run into debt, you must discharge all such liabilities out of your own earnings."

One of my father's great characteristics was firmness. His was genuine firmness, and had nothing to do with its weak counterfeit obstinacy. I knew that he meant what he said about my paying all debts by my own earnings, and that it had not been added merely for the purpose of giving weight to his warnings, or seasoning his advice with the condiment called "solemn chaff." Of course I had no intention then of incurring debts; but I felt that I should have to accept the alternative if I did.

A few words shall dismiss my university experience. Five hundred a year with the expenses of a horse (to this a servant was added,) with a gratuitous supply of port wine, seemed in contemplation a mine of wealth that would be fully equal to all my necessities. So, relying on the plenitude of my resources, I started a second horse, and even a third during the hunting season. I liked (in common with all other Oxonians I ever made acquaintance with) easy chairs and luxurious furniture. I was fond of looking at handsomely bound books; if I did not read them very carefully; and good pictures I had quite a passion for. In music I took great delight; so a grand piano forte, hired at the rate that would have paid its price once a year, formed a conspicuous feature in my rooms.

All these likings (and many others of an expensive nature might be added,) together with a great taste for pleasant and genial society, sufficed to render my career an expensive one.

One thing I can conscientiously aver, if money was wasted thoughtlessly on capricious whims and pleasures, it was not wasted on any pursuits that could be condemned as vicious. The result of all this expenditure may be easily guessed.

I was never bloated; but in those periodical encounters with the examiners the university rules obliged me so engage in, I may say that the former always did game. Never shall I forget those last final rounds, conducted across that awful green table, when all one's mental pugilistic

science was brought into play to make a very small partial knowledge reach the whole length of a subject; while enthusiastic friends, with mistaken kindness, looked on in breathless silence, and encouraged me with smiling glances of imaginary pats on the back, as I turned toward them with a sickly smile of recognition, and a hollow pretense of being quite at my ease.

But the time came when all these ordeals had been safely passed, and I was going to "put on my gown" next degree day. So I went round to collect my various bills, determined to be business-like, and to arrive at an exact knowledge of my position. After some persuasion, the coy tradesman sent in their bills, not to ask for payment, but pledges as it were of their confidence in my honor and solvency. After two or three efforts in addition (compound) that brought each time varying results, I arrived at the conclusion that I owed nearly eight hundred pounds.

My father's words recurred to me, not by any means for the first time, and I sat myself to wondering how I could earn it. Literature—the writing of a successful novel that should accomplish the whole matter as by the magic of a fairy's wand—was the first idea that presented itself, as I believe is done to very many others under similar circumstances. I dismissed the thought as impracticable. A brighter one succeeded. I would get a tutorship. Many of my acquaintances had done so. Certainly they were usually honors men, and not heirs to baronetries and ten or twenty thousand a year. But I might seek one in the guise of an ordinary B. A., and none need know that my prospects in life pointed to the possession of an old title, and far spreading estates in two western counties, not to mention a street in Mayfair and a house in Belgrave.

"But you will want testimonials and that sort of thing, you know," said Hatfield of Balliol, with whom I was discussing my plans over a cigar.

"Graham, my coach, will manage that for me, I have no doubt," I answered.

"Well, if you get any decent thing, or keep it for two months, I'm in for a plover," he observed.

Bearing these words in mind, it was with a feeling of justifiable pride that, a few mornings after, I carried some half a dozen letters in my hand to his room, when I was going to breakfast. I had called at the Union on my way to look at the letter-rack; and I must confess to a feeling of considerable surprise when I beheld these sundry missives bearing the mystic initials I had adopted in my advertisement in the Guardian.

"By return of post, too!" I inwardly exclaimed. "Parents must take the bait very easily, or tutors must be scarce."

I hurried away, as I was late, without opening them, reserving this pleasing task for Hatfield's rooms and presence.

"Is it a dun that I see before me?" cried that gentleman, as I entered, letters in hand.

"Behold the triumph of advertising and education!" I rejoined, showing the letters in triumph.

Alas! they were all circulars from agents, who would be happy to place X. Q.'s name on their registers, &c.

I looked rather blank, as I had no fancy for executing my search after employment in this manner.

"There is no harm in it, you know," said Hatfield; "but of course, unless a man is all honors he cannot pick out and choose, and you must take what they send you, or get nothing at all."

But I was reduced to this; for Grantham, to whom I confided my plan, called at my rooms during the day, and offered a solution of the difficulty.

"If you are really in earnest about this, I think I know of a thing that will exactly suit you. It is to prepare a young fellow for Oxford. They want a man who is a gentleman, up to the work, and fond of country sports, hunting, &c. But what would your father say to your taking a private tutorship? Does he know of your plan?"

"It is the result of an agreement between us respecting my running in debt," I explained. "I shall write and tell him what I have done when I have undertaken an engagement."

"But, if Graham objects, would you throw a place up?"

"He would not allow me to act dishonorably," I answered; and were I engaged I must accept the consequences."

"Very well; if you are determined to risk it, I can offer you a tutorship in the family of a General Gawston, Gawston Flats, Norfolk; where you will have one pupil to look after, be a resident in the house, and receive a salary at the rate of one hundred and fifty pounds a year. They are in want of a man immediately."

I caught at the bait and in return I caught me. My father, to whom I wrote at once, to communicate my having entered into this engagement, replied that had he been consulted prior to my binding myself, he would not have consented to such a plan; but that now as the engagement was already formed I must fulfil it; at all events until another tutor could be found. I had been imprudent in accepting a situation not befitting my station; but I must now abide by my imprudence, &c.

There was one thing in favor of my concealing my real position in life while at Gawston Flats. My father, once Sir Graham Luxton, had several years before assumed the additional name of Penreston, on coming into a large property left by a distant relative on the condition of taking the name. This condition did not bind the children however; and so my sisters and myself were Luxtons, as we preferred retaining the name of our ancestors, a more ancient and honorable one, too, by the way, as my father always took care to impress on us.

I determined not to visit Luxton Court before leaving for Gawston Flats, as I must confess that now that my plan of a tutorship was accomplished, I felt an unacknowledged regret that I had so easily succeeded; and I sometimes wished I had set about paying my debts in a different way. Feeling that the home air and style at Luxton would hardly suit me under the circumstances, and possibly fearing some banter from my father, I left Oxford as soon as I could; and in a few days I was driving across the country (flat and uninteresting to my western eyes) that led from Mud-hole Station to Gawston Flats. On my arrival about half-past five in the evening, I was ushered at once to my bedroom, and I sat down by the acceptable fire to have a good warm.

All at once the thought came into my mind, "How about going to dinner?" Is the tutor generally there? Does he wear full dress? The servant said nothing about dinner-time. Solving these questions by the reflection that a tutor was still a gentleman, and feeling hungry, I determined to dress and go down. So I rang for my portmanteau and found that Colonel Gawston dined at seven.

It was dark when I arrived, but a hurried glance had shown me that the place was evidently a gentleman's and this impression was confirmed when I wandered down about a quarter to seven and beat about among some doors in the hall for that one which belonged to the dining room. Taking a lucky shot at one with a white handle, I entered a large well lighted room. A lady, not unpleasant looking but dressed very severely in black velvet, rose from a chair near the fire.

"Mr. Luxton, I presume," she said, rising.

I bowed, deriving some comfort from the fact that she betrayed no surprise at seeing me.

"Colonel Gawston has only just come in, or he would have seen you before," she continued, after shaking hands with me. "You must have had a cold journey; pray take that chair by the fire."

I did so and we chatted on very easily until the master of the house joined us, just as dinner was announced. He greeted me very pleasantly—perhaps a little stiffly—and then I gave Mr. Gawston my arm, and we went in to dinner. I cannot say I felt quite at my ease in my new position; but this did not interfere with my appetite, and dinner passed off, sufficient conversation going on between the courses.

"Mr. Luxton, you will take some more port," said Col. Gawston, as he filled his glass and drew near the fire on the departure of his wife from the drawing-room. I followed his example in each respect.

"We have never had a resident tutor before," he continued; and we are anxious to make you as comfortable as we can. We shall always be glad of your company at dinner at seven, if you prefer dining late, but we hope you will quite consult your own inclination about that. Your pupil you will see when we go to the drawing-room, I expect. He remained out longer than I did. To-morrow we can arrange further details, as may seem necessary."

I shall never forget my first morning over the books with my new pupil. He was a very nice boy, but with a far too conversational tendency. I thought as I tried hard to keep his mind (and my own) fixed on the work in hand. He would break out suddenly from some heart-rendering Greek passage to ask me if I had kept horses at Oxford, or if the process had ever been down on me. Once or twice I found myself tripping, and only too ready to run up on the philosophical conversation such questions suggested, while Horace or

Euripides lay open, but forgotten, before us.

"Florence is coming this evening," he said, one morning about a week after my arrival, as he was finding the place (always a long business). "Who?" I asked.

"Florence, my sister, you know. It is always jollier when she is here. You ought to see her ride. Most girls are great muffs, I think, but she isn't a bit."

I heard a little more of Florence, but I did not see her until dinner-time. We had taken our seats when she entered, and hurriedly took a seat opposite me. Mrs. Gawston murmured the customary words, and we bowed across the table. The conversation was general, as our party was so small. Miss Gawston, who I found was grown up, and not the somewhat hoydenish young lady her brother's description had led me to expect, joined in it freely, and we found several things to say to one another across the table. I thought her extremely pleasant. I remember, and remarkably pretty. She seemed about nineteen, and had just returned, I found, to my horror, from a visit to some friends in the west.

"My daughter tells me she met some Miss Luxtons while she was away. Are they any relations of yours?" asked Mrs. Gawston. I may say that the lady and I were on very pleasant terms; but I had every evening to encounter the severity of black velvet (I used to wonder whether she had but one dress), and to feel my teeth on edge if by any chance my hand touched her robe as we marched into dinner.

"The daughters of Sir Graham Penreston," explained Miss Gawston. I felt very red as I explained that they (being really my sisters) were connections, and then made a vigorous effort to change the conversation.

As the Colonel and I entered the drawing-room, Miss Gawston, seated at the piano-forte, was playing the "Large Appassionata," from Beethoven's Second Piano Forte Sonata. "Oh pray do not stop," I said, as she paused on our entrance; "that movement is more than beautiful." Thus pressed, she continued, then on the Scherzo, and lastly the brilliant Rondo in Splendid style. I was delighted.

"You are fond of music," she said. "Very."

"You play perhaps, or sing."

"I play the violin, and I sing to a certain extent."

I was longing for her to ask me to bring my violin down. I saw a music volume close by labelled "Violin and Piano-forte." Mrs. Gawston sat funeral statuesque and immovable. Col. Gawston was asleep and his son reading Mayne Reid's something or other. Miss Gawston was trifling with the keys, possibly she feared asking the tutor such a thing. I was desperate. "Shall I fetch my violin and music?" I said. Without waiting for an answer I went. The next moment we had commenced, and during the evening, we played together, and then emboldened by this beginning, we sang together. What happens once usually happens twice, and the next evening we occupied ourselves in the same way. Not always only in the evening though, but many a stray half-hour during the day we found sufficient time for a little music. Then also she rode very well; and as her brother and I rode almost daily, we often found ourselves taking the same direction; so altogether I saw a good deal of Miss Gawston. Need I tell the result? Before a fortnight was over I was deeply in love and my intention of recommending Colonel Gawston to look out for another tutor was unfilled. We often met before dinner in the library, where there was a large Japanese screen that shut out the door. Moving very slowly towards the room one evening near dinner-time I overheard some words that made me pause before entering, and cough violently, if not effectually in order that my presence might be known.

"Ahem! my dear"—the voice was Colonel Gawston's—"don't you think my dear, that Mr. Luxton is—ahem—rather, just a little, perhaps not prudently intimate with Florence?"

"I have thought so, certainly," responded his wife; and I was very glad this morning to receive an invitation from Lady Fitz Pedigree for her, as it will take her away at once.

"I have accepted it for her, and I have thought of going with her to town to-morrow to see Madame Nalencinnes, as she—"

At this moment I interrupted the good lady by entering the room, disconcerting her rather by my sudden appearance.

The words I had heard determined me to learn my fate from Miss Gawston before she left, as I felt that under any circumstances, it was impossible for me to stay much longer at Gawston Flats in my present condition.

If I could not gain a personal interview I determined to write to her; and that night I wrote a candid letter, which I proposed sending her if no opportunity for a private conversation presented itself. But fate was kind, and the next morning I met Miss Gawston accidentally in the garden about an hour before breakfast time. The result was that she did not appear at breakfast, and that when we rose from the meal I requested a few minutes' private conversation with the Colonel. Never shall I forget his look of indignant amazement when he learnt that his son's tutor had proposed to his daughter, and that with success.

"Mr. Luxton, when I engaged you," he said, "there was one thing I was assured of most emphatically, and that was that you were a gentleman. This is not the conduct of a gentleman to enter my house to undermine the affections of my daughter, to entrap her into an engagement. Sir, you should have thrown up your situation here rather than have done this."

I felt he had justice on his side. As far as he knew, I was nothing but a penniless suitor who had abused his peculiar position by using the many opportunities it afforded him of making love to a young lady, a reputed heiress of apparently superior social rank.

I could not help being amused, nevertheless, as I reflected how different his tone would have been had he known all. Something prompted me not to tell him yet, but to go on pressing my suit without advancing at once the real claims I had to back it. We were still in the midst of the discussion, the matter was seemingly going on hopelessly against me, when a sharp knock at the door interrupted our debate.

"Come in," said the Colonel, impatiently. A servant entered with a note. It was a telegram calling the Colonel at once to town on important business, military, I think, he said.

"Mr. Luxton, I must postpone this matter until my return," he said, hastily looking at his watch. "I have not more than ten minutes to spare. I appeal to your honor not to make any unfair use of this unfortunate interruption."

He passed out of the room. A new idea struck me, and I followed quickly.

"I had thought of going to town this afternoon for the night, and Rupert expressed a wish to accompany me," I said; "will you allow him to do so?"

"Certainly," said the Colonel, looking relieved. "If you wish it, you might remain away longer, not necessarily in town of course, merely letting Mrs. Gawston know where Rupert is."

"Rupert, do you mind just coming with me to Belgrave Square first," I said to my pupil as we alighted from the train.

"Oh, no," was the reply, and so we were soon rattling away in a handsome carriage to my father's town house.

"Surely that's you," said Rupert, looking at a photograph lying on the table in the drawing room, where we were waiting for my father to appear.

"Yes, I am friendly here," I replied, getting red. "If you will take a book for five minutes I shall have transacted my business with Sir Graham."

I moved towards the door just as it opened, and the master of the house walked in.

"My dear Frank, I hardly expected to see you," he said as he entered. "You are looking very well indeed, in spite of your teaching labors. I hope you have thrown that foolish engagement up."

"Let me introduce my pupil to you," I said.

"You will both dine here to-night, of course, and sleep," said my father, shaking hands with Rupert. "I am going to Luxton to-morrow by the 11:45 train; couldn't you come, too? A change will do you good, and your sisters will be delighted to see you. They are under the impression that you are abroad, and I have not undeceived them. You will join us too, I hope, Mr. Gawston."

It was so arranged, and the next day we started for Luxton. In the meanwhile, Rupert had with some wonder (but he was too well bred to say so) many remarks, asked me if Sir Graham Penreston was my father, and I saw him writing a letter that evening, probably to his mother or sister. I felt very much disposed to write to the latter, but I determined to wait until we reached Luxton. It is hardly necessary to say that, without abusing the Colonel's appeal to my honor, I had managed to let Florence know before I left, that the obstacles in our way were not as insuperable as they appeared.

Arrived at Luxton Court, I wrote to Mrs. Gawston, having previously

enlightened my father to the true state of affairs. The Gawstons, if not as ancient a family as ours, were eminently respectable, and my father, who could make no objections, was pleased to be unmerciful in the way of banter. "A fine way to pay our debts, indeed!" he concluded.

"I called on my father in the town," I wrote in my letter to Mrs. Gawston, "and he gave us an invitation down here, which I took the liberty to accept. Rupert and I propose to stay here two nights before returning to the Flats. Enclosed is a letter to Miss Gawston, which I hope you will not object to hand over to her, and I trust that you will pardon the slight deception I have practiced on you."

The letter was given to Miss Gawston, and, as the reader may conclude, no further objections were made to our engagement. Before three months were over we were married.

"And how about the debts?" does any one ask. Well, my father paid them.

DEEP CULTURE FOR COTTON.

The Method and the Benefit.

The following letter to the Mac-on Telegraph, from Mr. S. I. Gustin, a prominent and successful cotton planter of Vineville, Georgia, will be read with interest by everybody interested in the culture of our great staple:

VINEVILLE August 4.—I feel embarrassed by the prominence which has been given my cotton patch in the Telegraph, as you are aware that I have no taste for a public controversy with those who advocate a different culture. But as you and some of your readers seem anxious to get more information about it, I will try to describe, as briefly as possible, my method of culture on this patch.

I am thoroughly convinced, from experience, that the benefits of deep ploughing in winter and spring are lost, to a great extent, if it is not followed up by deep culture afterwards. Because the ground soon becomes hard and compact underneath, if only the surface soil is cultivated in a shallow manner; the disadvantages of which I will speak hereafter.

The cotton patch in question is on a gentle slope of a red hill, and more soil has been washed from it, to the lands below, than has been washed upon it from those above. It is free from stones and stumps. But was nearly as hard as a brick when it was ploughed for the first time in the early part of May last.

Before ploughing, I sowed upon it broadcast "Gustin's Superphosphate," at the rate of 500 pounds per acre. With four mules to one of Brinley's largest sized prairie ploughs it was ploughed eight inches deep—followed in the same furrow by a subsoil plough, running twelve inches deep. The same quantity of superphosphate was again sown broadcast and harrowed in. The soil was thus pretty well pulverized and disintegrated to the depth of eighteen or twenty inches, and enriched with superphosphate at the rate of 1000 pounds per acre.

You will say that that is pretty expensive. But I will venture to say that this land will produce quite as much cotton and as much corn as the best land on a plantation in Floyd county which sold for \$100 per acre a few weeks ago.

After harrowing, it was checked off with a small plough 3x6 feet in which the seed were planted—a single plant was only left to a hill—and covered with a hoe, which was the only work done with a hoe—as the subsequent culture was done entirely with Mares' Subsoil Lifter and a horse hoe. It has been cultivated four times with the subsoil lifter and twice with the horse hoe.

This subsoil lifter is made of wrought iron—is light and can easily be drawn by a single mule or horse where the ground has been previously subsoiled. From its peculiar construction it turns no furrow, but works under the ground like a mule, to the depth of about fifteen inches, slightly raising the soil as it goes along. The soil in falling back is pulverized at least a foot on either side of its track.

The horse hoe is an improvement on the cultivator and effectually destroys all weeds and thoroughly pulverizes the surface soil.

At the first working of the cotton the subsoil lifter was run four times between the rows the wide way—three times the second—

and once at the last working, running as closely as possible to the plants every time.

There is no danger of destroying or injuring the roots by this method of culture if the plough is not run so near that the swingle-tree breaks the branches—on the contrary, it is the very best preparation for the rapid multiplication and extension of the small fibrous roots which are the feeders to the plants.

This deep culture must be kept up from the beginning. If the roots are prevented from growing downwards by the hardness and poverty of the soil below, and are forced to extend themselves only near the surface, deep ploughing, under such circumstances, would undoubtedly mutilate those roots, to the injury of the plant and cause it to shed its fruit.

This cotton now is about five and a half feet high, and where the stand is perfect, the branches meet in every direction, and are so heavily laden with fruit that some of the branches are splitting off with the weight.

It was planted on the 9th of May, and has grown rapidly from the start. It was not injured in the least by the drought, and at that time not a single fallen boll, square or form could be found. Since the rain I have noticed a few fallen squares. Plants growing on a soil cultivated so deeply can hardly be injured by drought and are benefited in various other ways.

It must be remembered that the atmosphere is the great store-house from which plants derive at least nine-tenths of the substances of which they are composed. Ammonia is constantly escaping into the atmosphere from decaying animal and vegetable matter. Carbonic acid gas and water are largely diffused in the atmosphere, and the hotter the weather the more water is held in suspension. We all know how large a portion of a tree is charcoal or carbon, and that when it is burnt and combines with the oxygen of the atmosphere and becomes carbonic acid gas—an invisible gas escaping into the atmosphere—how little is left behind as a residuum. That little is the product of the soil. What has disappeared is substance derived from the atmosphere.

Now if the soil be deeply pulverized, so as to allow a free circulation of the atmosphere through it, the watery vapor is condensed by coming into contact with the cool substratum of the earth, on the same principle that the atmosphere condenses upon the side of a pitcher filled with cold water upon a warm mid-summer day—thus supplying the roots with moisture holding in solution these fertilizing gases which the atmosphere contains, so necessary to the growth and development of the plant, and in this condition so readily to be taken up by its roots and fibres.

Besides all this, these atmospheric gases and water make soluble a food for the plant other substances in the earth, which without them would remain insoluble, inert and useless.

A deeply pulverized soil has still another advantage in dry weather. It draws up the moisture from below, upon the principle of capillary attraction, which may be illustrated by holding a lump of loaf sugar part way immersed in your cup of coffee. The sugar will immediately draw up sufficient of the liquid to become saturated with the moisture.

All these advantages are greatly diminished or entirely lost in a hard compact soil. When the rains fall—impregnated with these fertilizing gases—if the soil be deeply mellowed and porous, they are absorbed at once and penetrate to the roots of the plants, with their rich burden of life and health. But if only the surface is mellow, and the ground be sloping or hilly, most of the rain runs off, carrying with it much of the surface mould into the stream below. On the other hand, should the ground be level it lies upon the surface till evaporated by the sun and the enriching gases escape again into the atmosphere which should be appropriated by the crop.

Water which lies upon the surface till evaporated by the sun makes the ground cold. It takes the heat from it to convert the water into vapor, upon the same principle that a room or sidewalk is cooled by sprinkling with water on a sunny day. Finally if the water remains upon the surface long enough to become stagnant, it becomes so poisonous to the plants that they turn yellow and sickly.

It would be easy, Messrs. Editors, to prolong these remarks indefinitely, but I have no time. I hold you responsible altogether for this apparent obtrusion of views. I have no desire to championize them or to combat conflicting opinions; but having appealed to me for an explanation of some little singularity in the mode of cultivating the cotton patch in question, I have written this solely in deference to the requests of your readers and yourselves.

From the London Times July 29th.

THE CONFLICT OF RACES.

English View of the Chinese Question.

Alone among the races of the world the (the Chinese) confront the Englishman, and produce as much work with less pay. Other laborers are often found to work for less wages than the English laborer, but they prove in the end the dearest workmen to employ, because of the insufficiency of what they turn out. The Chinaman in a large range of employments overcomes this difficulty, and shows a balance in his own favor, and the resentment to the manual laborer he underbids is a necessary consequence. "We cannot live," the Californian in effect says, "under that which satisfies a Chinese," and, in pursuance of that self-preservation which is the first law of nature he proceeds to beat and stone him in the street.

We venture to think the conflict of races in California will not be solved by import duties or street outrages. It would appear that in California itself there are persons who find the presence of the Chinese useful and convenient. The Californian sections of the Pacific Railway were made with their assistance, and while the work was thus cheaply done, it bears comparison with the sections completed by "navvies" from another world. The same mail which tells us of the vigorous steps taken in California, informs us that a convention has been held at Memphis to devise means of bringing Chinese into the cotton, sugar, corn and rice fields of the South. The Mississippi and Missouri Valleys, the prairies still haunted by Indian tribes, may be contested between the Chinese and American immigrants. It is impossible to suppose that the Chinese can be kept out, and speculation may be better employed in contemplating the functions they may hereafter discharge in the wonderful polity into which the States are destined to grow. Inheriting a civilization more ancient and economic methods more perfect than the European can boast, but destitute of that strength and toughness of moral fibre which supports authority, the Chinese may be welcomed as assistants in colonization; they need not be feared as the dominating race of the future.

PRINTERS' DEVILS.—Miss Piney W. Forsythe, who is a practical printer herself, has made the following happy and appropriate notice of so-called printers' devils:

"A great many persons are in the habit of looking upon and speaking of printers' devils in a manner that reflects no credit to themselves. Those same printers in nine cases out of ten, are three times as well posted on the issues of the day as the person who speaks lightly of them. There is no class of boys for whom we have a more profound respect than well-behaved printers' devils. They know something and are practical, which is more than you can say of all classes of boys. In that respect we place the boys who work in a printing office head and shoulders above most boys. Young woman, before you again elevate that delicate nose at the approach of a printers' devil, get some one who knows something of history to tell you the name of a few characters that were once printers' devils.

A mechanic in Memphis has produced a plan for a low pressure steamboat, which he claims will have double the speed of any now in use, while it will cost little more than boats on the old plan. It can also be run at half the expense for labor and fuel. It is divided into compartments, water and air tight, and cannot be snagged so as to sink. Fire in the hold can be confined to a single compartment and will be readily extinguished by steam, for which suitable apparatus is provided.